THE LAVVYERS PHILOSOPHY:

OR, LAVV BROVGHT TO LIGHT.

Poetized

In a Diuine Rhapſodie or

Contemplatiue Poem.

BY

ROGER TISDALE, *Gent.*

Sat Serò.

At London printed for *I. T.* and *H. G.* and

TO

THE LEARNED AND REVEREND

IOHN DONNE, D. of

Diuinitie, Deane of the Cathedrall *Church of* St Paule *London*, Roger Tisdale *wisheth peace of Conscience* in this world, and the ioy of the *world to come.*

THIS late: and rather time to lye downe and rest, then to sit vp and discourse. The very candles of my life burne dimme, which shewes it to bee bed-time. But I know not how, a friend, a deare and dearely

reſpected friend, and worthy to bee ſo reſpected, knockt at the doore, whilſt I was making my ſelfe vnready. No ſooner I heard who it was, but I had *Donne*: left of vntiring my ſelfe, and wiſht rather to tire al my powers, then he ſhould want a welcome. I am now therefore ready againe, but ſo vnreadily ready, as I was inforced to rubbe mine eyes to put off drowzineſſe, before I could fit my ſelfe to giue him entertainment. Tis you, deare Sir, that after a ſoaring flight of many yeeres, haue now lighted vpon a faire Tree, vnder whoſe branches it is my fortune to hold a poor cottage, (ſubiect (God knowes) to winde and weather.

Vnready Age is vnready for heauen.

Poſt nubila quies

ther. The motion of your wings was to mee a warning of your comming: & though it be in the wayne-time of my life, I could not chuſe but open the doores of my heart to receiue you. To your friends I was heretofore bound in dutie, and (in our youthfull ſocietie) to your ſelfe in loue. But as the times are now, I reioyce that I ſhal haue cauſe to ſhew you both my loue and duty. Flatterie be farre from me, as I wiſh my ſoule from Atheiſme. Yet I muſt ingenuouſly confeſſe, as an ancient obſeruant of your worth, that your yong daies were to me of much admiration, as theſe dayes are now of deſerued reuerence. To ſhew ther-

Vltimæ Muſarum ætas.

Obligation commands duty.

To obſerue, is a ſillable more then to ſerue.

fore my dutie, it becomes me to meet you with humilitie, as one of the Churches Seruants: and to shew my Loue, I haue thought fit to prouide for you such a present, as for the present, I was able to giue, and I know you doe loue pure, and vndefiled *Poesie*. In respect of my weakenesse, you may call it an Aprill Daisie, in the Lap of Winter, quickly blasted: but in respect of my aspiring Loue, and your affecting Goodnesse, I hope it shall be receiued and welcomed as a Rose at Christmas, the New-yeeres gift of Art and Nature. If I haue soard into the Sunne, and singed my plumes, my fall will be easie in your armes. And

Fruits are best welcome in Winter.

I hope

Dedicatorie.

I hope for the loue of the Muſes (who in your Youth initiated you their Son, and now in your Age haue elected you a Patron) you will open the imbraces of fauour, and graciouſly giue me your acceptance, with a pardon for my daring into ſo high a Subiect. And as to you in *Capite*, ſo to the reſt in *Capitulo*, I humbly come for acceptance and pardon: as well knowing, you will all thinke better of me, that with *Icarus* I mount high, and fall into a faire Sea; then I ſhould haue reel'd about with *Bacchus*, and falne into a foule Puddle. A Poet that is obſcene forgets his Scene: and I dare promiſe, that if there be any ſpot or blemiſh in this

Worthineſſe in Youth, makes Age venerable.

Os homini ſublime dedit.

Venus *had a Mole.*

this *Poeſie*, the fault is not in the Subiect, but in the Accident. The blacke Inke may blot the faire paper: and my vnskilfulneſſe miſ-ſhadow the Lawes Beauty. But ſeeing *velle* and *poſſe* are not in euery man, *Eſt voluiſſe ſatis* ſhall be my pleading Aduocate. And ſo with my Loue and Duty equally twined together, either into a Lawrell or a Willow Garland (which you pleaſe to account it) I offer it vp with a deſire it were worthy (I will not ſay your beſt, but) any little acceptance: and therewithall reſt

In things laudable, the will is pleadable.

Moſt obſeruant to your worthineſſe,

RO: TISDALE.

TO THE LEARNED AND CONSIDERATE READER.

Lege, Perge, Perlege.

I Intreat fauour, that you will reade me: & fauour, that you will regard mee. Reade therefore and regard, for ſo you will adde ſome grace in the reading: and reade with delight, if it bee with regarding. Conniue a little, & ſo you may indulgeate my hopes. I haue in many places of this worke, rather loſt my Rime, then my Reaſon. It is worthy of your pardon, becauſe I confeſſe my fault. As for the ignorant and inconſiderate,

derate, I will speake to euery one of them no more but thus:

Quem recitas meus est,
Sed recitando tuus.

And so commending this my late-borne issue, to bee fostered vnder your fauours, and expecting you will Socraticam dare veniam, *in respect of my now aged weakenesse, I rest*

A poore well-wisher
to the Muses,

ROB. TISDALE.

THE

THE LAWYERS PHILOSOPHY:

AWake my Muſe! & frõ this ſlumbring trance, *Præludium.*
Lightly ariſe, and on thy wings aduance,
Thy nimble-ſoaring Spirit, to the Sunne,
Aboue the Clouds, that yet doe ouerrunne
Thy bright-ey'd beauty! Rowze away this dream,
That eddies in thy braine, like to a ſtreame,
Whoſe giddy windings with *Plebeian* ſtormes,
Turne, and returne, begetting ſundry formes.
What though my ſighs like clouds do fill the aire?
Thinke it not night. Nor let vs ſo duſpaire,
As fainting to lye downe in ſorrowes deepe,
And there take vp our laſt eternall ſleepe.
No, no, ſhake off the dewfals of the Night,
That dampe thy plumes, and ſoare into the Light,
With cheerefull notes: whilſt I retir'd ſit ſtill,
Sighing a ſad *Faburthen* from my quill,
To thy more nimble warblings. Let not feare
Diſtract our hopes! there's One aboue will heare,

If

If all the world neglect vs. And for rumours,
Breath'd from the Vulgar, which are only tumours,
And swelling water-bubbles, that together
Doe rise, and fall, according to the weather,
Why should we feare them? Let the inward Man
Looke vpward, then doe Enuy what she can.
Set therefore now thy voice in tune to mine,
In descant manner! and againe to thine
Ile tune a ground: and both together we
Two parts in one, so sweetly will agree,
As whilst the rabble, and rude multitude,
With their vnciuill clamours doe intrude,
Breaking all *Law*, and *Right*, true Musicks lore,
We will in tune, them out of tune deplore.
Law, the subiect of this worke. The *Law* must be our Song: not Pedlers French,
Nor old Prescriptions laid vp in the Trench
Of rusty Time: Nor moth-eaten Decrees
Worne out of date: Nor that, whose golden fees
Makes the tongue flow with Arguments of wit,
And troll apace in Angell-Rethorick.
These are but wrangling Ecchoes. But the *Law*
We are to sing of, hath the power to draw
The worthinesse of this subiect. All *Powers* to Obedience, in Loue,
And not constraint, as being set aboue

Or, Law brought to Light.

In the Seraphick Spheres of holy Angels,
Penning the ſongs of Peace, & ſweet Euangels.
I meane that Law, that was beyond all Time,
And yet euen now rings forth, ſo ſweet a chyme
Into our eares and vnderſtanding parts,
As tunes the World, and glads all vpright hearts, *What this Law is.*
It is the *Law* of *Wiſedome*: whoſe right hand,
Is that eternall *Power*, that did command
Of nothing, All-things, in their ſeuerall numbers,
And all in One brought forth a world of wonders.
His left hand *Goodnes*, or eternall *Loue*,
That on the *Chaos* like the ſiluer *Doue*
On *Noahs* watry Deluge ſweetly gliding,
Of new Diſcoueries brought the happy tiding,
And form'd all formes, one for anothers ſake,
And for himſelfe them all as one did make.
Whilſt in the mid'ſt *Wiſedome* did ſit inthron'd,
Spangled with Starres, and with a crowne adornd
Of awfull *Maieſtie* writing a Lecture,
To all his creatures, with that ſacred Scepter,
Of his iuſt will, whereby he ſets a border
To euery forme, and giues all formes their order.
Of this *Law* muſt I ſing: the *Law* of *Power*, *This Law is three-fold: Power, Wiſedome, Loue*
Wiſedome and *Loue*, that from the heau'ny *Tower*,

On

On the wide-spredding sixe-wing'd *Cherubins*,
Descended downe into this frame of things:
And in six dayes shed his trine-working Spirit
Through *All* of this *Round-All*, to dis-inherit
Confusion from his worke, and make faire *Light*,
The true succeeding issue of blacke Night.
A Poeticall Invocation.
O therefore thou most sacred *Archy-Muse*,
With dulced, and harmonious Tones transfuse
All my best Powers! Beare my frailety vp
The great *Olympian* height! and reach the cup
Of heau'nly *Nectar*, to my fainting hand!
That I may taste, and with that taste command
Darke *Chaos* to descend, and spritely fire,
From out dead Embers lightly to aspire.
That as the Snake by casting off her Slough,
The Eagle of his Bill aged and tough,
Renue their youthfull temper: or more fit,
As did *Elias* let his garment slip,
Casting off humane fraileties, when his Spirit
Kindling with zeale, mounted the burning Charrie
To *Ioues* bright-shining Temple: So my powers,
Forsaking earths darke Elementall Bowers,
May nimbly soare into th' Angellick Tribe,
And be with them diuinely stellifide.

Luci-

Luciferous Beauties, faire, and first of creatures
Light of the prime *Light*, intellectuall features
Of the first Forme, Heau'ns glorious *Architype*,
The sonnes of *Elohim*, and the dayes delight.
With you I first begin to shew *Lawes* power
And calculate the Birth and natiue hower
Of your great greatnesse, in whom first the *Law*
(As in the first of Subiects vnder awe,
Of heau'ns eternall Scepter) had his *Being*
In golden Thrones, but knew no golden feeing.
Tis you bright Mirrors of Maiesticke beauty,
Collecting in your Orbes with sacred duty
Th' Ideall Rayes of Him, whose all-discerning
Doth make you shine with intellectuall Learning.
Tis you in whom I see as in a glasse,
What is to come, what's now, and long since was
Before there was *Beginning*. So the Bell
Tolles to the Graue: So the cleere Fountaine Well,
Is by the eddying streames at last found out:
And the celestiall eye that wheeles about
This elementall Square, by his bright Rayes,
That on the Christall-streaming Riuer playes,
Is stedfastly therein discern'd and seene,
That else by none but *Ioues* own Birds hath beene.

Of Angels.

Homers golden Chaine: God, Angels, Starres, Elements.

And so by your tralucent beames of Light,
Shot from the great Maiestick Throne of Right,
Into your dutyous Orbes, and then againe
From you into the great celestiall Maine,
And Sea of many Beauties, which descending
Into these lower parts, that haue depending,
Onely from things aboue, we reade, and see,
In Characters of State, and Maiestie,
The Law of Power, Wisedome, and of Loue,
That doth in all inferiour Subiects moue,
Creating, Ruling, and withall preseruing
Things in their Being, Order, and true seruing.

Essence & Power

Essence and Being in this Round of things,
Shewes the great Power of the King of Kings:
That could of Nothing such a Something make,
As doth amaze and cause all Powers to shake,
In comprehending but the least Creation
His Power hath fram'd in this Conglomoration.

Order and Wisedome.

Order shewes Wisedome, setting eu'ry part
With such a sweet facilitie and Art,
Each in subordinate Order to another,
As that to this, and this to that is Brother,
In sympathy, and correspondent frame,
And all together dutyously proclaime

The

Or, Law brought to Light.

The God of Order to be onely Wiſe,
Deſeruing *Hecatomben* ſacrifice.
But when we looke how eu'ry thing created, *Beauty & Loue.*
Is from aboue vs inwardly innated
With fruitfull Vertues, thriuing qualities,
That out of their pure Natures doe ariſe,
All beautious in themſelues, and fit for th' vſe
One of another: who can other chooſe,
But ſee, and fairely reade, Goodnes and Loue,
In this great Volume, written from aboue,
With Gods owne finger, in ſuch ſweet inditing,
As if Eternall Loue for his delighting,
Had pen'd a Poem all of Loue and ſweetneſſe,
To ſhew himſelfe, and teach vs Loue & meekeneſſe?
All theſe (and theſe are all, no more but three
Vnited in one ſacred Vnitie:)
As Eſſence, Order, Beauty in this Frame,
And Power, Wiſedome, Loue aboue the ſame:
Theſe three, I ſay, are the true Rules of Law,
Before all time, and in all time doe awe
The creature in his bounds. For what's command
That wanteth Power? Or who can vnderſtand
What Power is, without a Being Subiect,
O're which it hath Dominion to iudge it.

ower without
ſedome is Ty-
nny.
iſdome without
oue, is ſubtilty.
oue, without
iſedome and
ower, is folly.

Yet *Power* without foreſeeing *Wiſedome* erreth,
Not knowing: but with cruelty deterreth, (*Power*,
Where it commands: when *Sapience* ioynd with
Ordreth extremes, and maketh mildneſſe lower.
It truely *Gouernes*, *Wiſedome* is the *Law*,
Knowes to inſtruct, and how to keepe in awe.
But what is all th'eſſentiall frame of things?
And what is *Order*? Neither of them brings
Perfection to the worke, without true vſe,
Which *Loue* and *Goodnes* ſweetly doth infuſe.
So in a Clocke we ſee the ſolid forme,
On many nimble-mouing wheeles is borne,
All order'd, with ſuch *Order*, and ſuch *Art*,
As one to All, and All to euery part,
Is ſymmetrall, ſhewing the Makers skill,
And *Power* to make. But ſhould the Makers will
Haue gone no further, and not motion lent,
To ſhew the vſe, and his owne faire intent:
Who could haue call'd that well-fram'd forme a (Clocke,
Or knowne it otherwiſe then as a mocke
Of pow'rfull Art, that wants his proper end,
Feeding the eye, but doth to nothing tend?
Will in the maker, tending to direction,
Of *Power*, and *Wiſedome*, is the full perfection,

Which

Which is true *Loue*. And ſo in this round *Sphere*
Finding ſweet *Beauty*, *Order*, and *Eſſence* there,
We therewithall from the *Floriferous* Centre,
Through yon *Stelliferous* Stations ſoone do enter,
Into your bright *Luciferous* Orbes of Beauty
(Faire ſonnes of *Elohim*) and there reade the duty
Of true-borne Subiects, euer held in awe,
Vnder the Trine-Vne ſoueraigntie of *Law*.
Whereof that I may ſing, firſt giue me leaue,
The triple Region of this World to cleaue,
Iuſt in three parts, as three Court Hals, wherein
Of Errors they the vpper hand doe winne,
And in diſpoſing right to euery one,
Forbid withall, that wrong be done to none.
The firſt and loweſt is this earthly Stage,
Whereon we tread in wandring equipage:
All richly hung about her flowry Stronds,
With precious Gemmes like Sparkes of Diamonds
Dropt downe from heauen: and is the cõmon Hall
Where diuers Courts are kept, that vnto All
Giue common Right, in Earth, in Ayre, in Seas,
With *Royall*, *Peacefull*, and with *Common Pleas*,
Whereof hereafter. But aboue all theſe,
Aſcending vpward by a few degrees,

The Court Ha of Law.

1. *Floriferous.*
2. *Stelliferous.*
3. *Luciferous.*

The great Ha hath 3. Court

Kings Bench.
Chancery.
Common Plac

tar-Chamber. One Court in glorious State aboue the rest,
Opens her Gates equally East and West:
Wherein the Sunne of Maiestie doth guild,
Like Aprill Flowers in a Meddowy Field,
Her starry Thrones of Iudgement. Heere doth sit
The Power of Warre, and true *Promethean* Wit:
The *Ioualist*, and grauer *Saturnine*:
Milde *Venus* Doue, and quick-eyd *Serpentine*.
In briefe, this Court holds Planetary Station,
And is the great Star-Chamber Constellation.
rliament. Next this, vp higher, throgh heau'ns *Painted Cham-*
And *Galaxia* of the great Commander *(ber*
Of this round Vniuerse, a third Court-Hall,
Sacred for State, and made Imperiall,
Aboue all others, entertaines the King, (wing,
Crown'd, and inthron'd, vpon whose right-hand
His Sonne the Prince of Peace, in Robes of State
Sits richly cloth'd. Where that they may debate
The Kingdomes great affaires (as from them sent)
The Breath of Maiestie cals a Parliament
Of Angell-Senatours wise Intelligences,
Full of Diuine, and sacred influences.
Poeticall But stay, my Muse! dar'st thou aspire so high,
lestie. On waxen wings? Or dar'st thou mount so nigh

That

That pow'rfull *Wisdome*? that *All-sapient* Power,
That made yeeres, months, weekes, dayes, & eu'ry
Yea, eu'ry minute, & times smallest momẽt, (houre,
To be the Register, and stately Comment
Of his admired workes, and working Spirit?
Forbeare I say! and and either climbe the Charrit,
Of true Seraphick Loue that doth vnite
Wisedome and Power (like a Fauourite
Of that great King of Kings) or be still mute,
And humbly kneeling offer vp thy sute
Of true Obedience, till that Arme descend,
To lift thee vp, that Vertue doth defend.
And with the thought me thinkes already now, *A Poeticall incouragement.*
I am all Fire, and I know not how
The darke confused *Chaos* of my braine,
And all those earthly Powers, that restraine
Mans climing Faculties, in an instant are
Like an inflamed Meteor in the Ayre;
And what was massie, intricate, and thicke,
Is now become light, deleuer, and quicke,
To mount through Heau'ns bright starry Regi-
Into the highest Court of Parliament. (ment,
Where *Power*, *Wisdome*, *Loue*, doe sit in acting
Lawes truely good, that suffer no detracting.

Law is all Order and Harmony.

Sing then of these: and then thou sing'st of all,
That can within the Scale of Musicke fall:
For these are Musicke, and that rauishing Tone,
That from the *Chaos* wrought all things to One,
And order'd all disorders with one *Fiat*
Of heauenly sweetnesse, the true *Key* of *Quiet*:
Whereto all Vnisons with one consent,
As strings are fitted on an Instrument,
Doe seu'rally in tune and order rise,
And altogether sweetly harmonize.

Moses Beginning.

In the *Beginning* --- O where am I now?
Eu'n at an ending. For my Muse doth bow
In Circle-wise, whose first and last is One
And All in All, that neuer is alone,
And yet all One. In this *Beginning* was it,
When (but Eternitie) none did surpasse it,
Trine Elohim created Heau'n and Earth,
And to this *Round-All* gaue a timely Birth,

Chaos confusedly described.

Vntimely though it seem'd. For darknesse then
Surrounded All this *Round-All*, eu'n as when
A Point confus'dly multiplide, doth cloud
The Virgin paper, whilst the Artsman proud
Of his inacting Power, doth blot it ouer
All blacke, intending after to discouer,

Lines,

Lines, Bodies, Shapes, & ſundry beauteons formes;
Drawne out of darknes, as faire Peace frō ſtormes;
And Day from Night. For in this darke Abyſſe,
Heau'n, Earth, and all therein contained is
Confuſedly in one Conglomoration
Were ſymboliz'd as ſeeds of this Creation.
But in ſuch ſtrife, and orderleſſe diſorder,
As therein nothing had his proper border,
But each did Warre, to haue anothers place,
And fight to giue, or get vnknowne diſgrace.
That in the ſmooldring heate, cold Earth & Water,
In dogged wrangle, did bring forth a Daughter,
Call'd the tempeſtuous Ayre. And Aire and Fire,
Piercing the *Chaos*, did themſelues retire,
Into the Centreleſſe boſome of the Deepe, (creepe,
And through by-crannies heere and there did
Till at the laſt, ioyning their lawleſſe forces,
To ſtirre vp Warre, like two vntamed Horſes,
They ſhook with trāpling all the formeleſſe Maſſe,
And with that Ague-fit did boldly paſſe
Through euery humour, eu'ry qualitie
Of heate and cold, drought and humiditie,
That altogether in an vprore were,
Yet to be ſought out, no man could tell where:

For yet there was no place: but high and low,
Was all inforcement, none his place did know.
Which was the cause, turmoyle and hurly-burly
Rose like a tempest, and each thing was surly
Vnto another, without giuing way,
But proudly iustling, and inforcing stay:
That as at Sea, when *Æolus* vnbindes
The mustring clouds, & sends contrarious winds,
To rouze the fretful waues: a sulpherous thunder
With smoaky Lightning breakes the Aire asunder,
To meete those raging Tidelings, and together
All ioyne in conflict, forcing stormy weather,
That doth not cloud, but darke this Hemisphere,
And in a graue transparent Light interre:
Saue that vpon the liquid Ocean glasse
The nimble Lightning now & then doth passe, (it,
And giues a a glim'ring light, which who had seene
He could no more but as a twinkling deeme it.
So in this vndigested formelesse Matter,
Strife and Contention forcing vp the Water,
A smoaky breath, frō out their sulph'rous bowels,
In dusky clouds, and stormy vapour rowles,
Heere, there, and all about, that with the fogge
So forced from that deepe and myery Bogge,

Cymi-

Cymerian Darknes was that nothing-All
And All-beginning Nothing: ſaue withall,
That by odde ſtarts, and ſuddainties, ſometime
In this hot tumult, from the muddy ſlime,
A liquid ſweate vpon the vpper face
Of the vaſt Deepe (like Pearle or Iſinglaſſe)
Did iſſue forth, caſting a gleaming ſpangle,
Which by and by, thicke darknes did intangle.
But now behold! (for now 'tis worth an *Ecce*)
When all was formeleſſe, void, and in perplexie,
Darke, and obſcure, the Spirit of *Elohim*,
On the moiſt Superficies did ſwim,
Nay (as the Text ſaith) incubat, and neſsle,
To brood the vnborn, who as then did wreſtle
Together in the teeming wombe of Nature,
Who ſhould be firſt, and who of higheſt ſtature.
And all this in the darke: for Darkneſſe ſtill
The ſpacious Vault of Emptineſſe did fill.
And he that was chiefe Lord of this Creation,
Had Darkneſſe made his ſecret habitation.
Secret I call it; for what quick-ey'd ſence
Of the beſt Sophiſt, euer found from whence
Or how darke *Chaos* came? or could diſcouer (uer,
What formleſſe Matter was, though much they ho-

God moued vpon the face of the Waters.

Darknes is Gods Habitation. Pſal. 18.

As

As I doe now about it? Then much lesse,
Can the dull eye of Art, see or expresse
Light inaccessible The *Light* that dims all *Lights*. Gaze on the Sun,
And thou shalt finde thine eye-sight quite vndone,
Strucken with endlesse Darknes. So much rather,
Who in his Essence seekes to know the Father
Of all created *Lights*, glorious beyond
What either Men, or Angels vnderstand,
May in that search say to the Day, good Night,
And liue for euer a blinded Sodomite,
Dwelling in darknesse. For when all is done,
That nimble wit, and quicke conception
Can pry into, we doe but grope, and feele,
Like cupshot Bacchinals, that wandring reele
About the roome, to finde a burning Candle,
Which in the darke themselues doe hold & handle,
And cannot see it. Feare, and admiration
Best fits a wise and sober generation,
In this inquirie. Whoso seekes, doth well,
For that great *Light* that doth in darknesse dwell.
God is Light and Life. The Diuine Eaglet that did towre so high
Into this *Light*, aboue the Starry skie,
Found him to be the very Life of all,
Within this new-created generall.

And that this *Life* was *Light*, which by diuine, *Iohn* 1.5.
And ſacred influence, did pierce and ſhine,
Eu'n through the *Chaos*, in the ſecret darke,
And yet withall, he leaues it for a marke
Of eminence, and much to be commended,
That *Light* of darknes was not comprehended.
Againe, the ſixe-wing'd ſacred *Cherubim*, *Eſay* 6.
The knowing ſonnes of this great *Elohim*,
Prime ſchollers of the prime *Light*, and endowed
With learned graces, haue their eyes yet ſhrowded,
With their two fore-wings, ſhewing baſhfull feare,
And humble reu'rence to that Light ſo cleere:
Which ſhould it in full Maieſtie forth ſhine,
And they gaze on it with wide open eyne, (periſh,
Thoſe bright-ey'd *Lampes* would ſoone in darknes
Whom now he doth with oyly graces cheriſh.
Therefore, O Man! and thou my forward Muſe!
Dare not too high! leſt we our ſelues abuſe.
An humble knowledge makes vs to aſcend:
Pride caſts vs downe, vnfit to comprehend.
So that to know the *Light*, with true diſcerning,
Is to confeſſe it comes not in our learning.
For if that we could comprehend that *Light*,
Not it, but darknes ſhould be infinite.

Yet

Yet that we might not altogether liue
In lawlesse darknesse, and our Spirits giue
Vp to dull ignorance, as nothing knowing, (ing
Of this prime Light, behold, new light comes flow-
A Parliament of Power, Wisdome, Loue. From the bright Fountaine. *Power, Wisdome, Loue,*
In consultation being set aboue,
How to reduce darke *Chaos* into forme,
And giue a Law vnto the lawlesse storme
Of the first then vnformed Elements,
Shot nimble Lightning forth, and so preuents
The rage of rude disorder. Darknes fell,
Affrighted downe into the depth of Hell:
And with the *Word* of *Wisedome, Fiat Lux,*
Light flowing came, in a most glorious flux.
The Law of Light. *Let there be Light*! O, was there euer Law
So short, so sweet? or had more power to awe
Confused strife? when all was out of frame,
This was the Law, did reconcile the same:
Proclaim'd a Peace: gaue eye-sight to the blinde:
And drossie Oare in Minerals refinde.
Light threefold. *Peace* is the song of Angels. Light of Eye,
The faire transparent beauty of the Skie.
In Elements, the Fire hath supreme power,
The scumme and Tartar of the rest to skowre,

To

To purge, and quicken. So in a three-fold Light,
The Day-ſpring riſeth, baniſhing the Night:
The Night of lawleſſe Error, and of blindneſſe;
Of warlike ſtrife, and turbulent vnkindneſſe:
That ſees not what is what: but in confuſion,
All Law-rights breakes, with violent intruſion,
One on anothers necke, confounding Peace,
And wanting Loue, and ſo without increaſe.
This Night, I ſay, was baniſht. And the Day,
The Light, and Law of things, as freſh as *May*,
Came like a Bridegroome forth in bright attire,
As the Meridian Sunne, that doth aſpire
The Vertick Point. No ſhadow then was ſeene;
Nor the celeſtiall Curtaine drawne betweene
This Elementall and the ſupreme Light,
Whoſe round Expanſion cloſeth in the Night:
But All was all alike, and eu'ry where,
About the earth, tranſparent, bright, and cleere:
For All was Light. Only in ſite and place,
There was ſome diff'rence. That had higheſt grace,
That neereſt to the Prime Light was aduanced,
And that of leſſe, that towards this Centre chanced.
The middle Region did of both partake:
Yet but One Light th' Eternall Power did make,

The Lawyers Philoſophy:

To light vs into darkneſſe, there to ſee
The ſacred Light of all Eternitie.
Law-rights obſeru'd, doe ſhew vs what is right:
And Light it is that doth diſcouer Light.
Truth ſeekes no corners, there doth darknes lurke:
And mighty *Elohim*, when he fell to worke,
Lighted a Candle vp that all might view him:
For *In lumine ſuo videbimus Lumen.*
The Light creating, by created Light,
Is out of darkneſſe brought into our ſight.
For had not Light ſtrooke Darknes vnder-ground,
How in the darke could any thing bee found,
That now we finde, and ſee? How could the Law
Haue come to light? who could Eſſentialls draw
Number. Into their ſeu'rall Numbers? who could order
Order. Thoſe numbers right? and giue a proper border
Vnity. To eu'ry ſuch Eſſentiall? Who (I ſay)
Could of theſe two finde out the ready way,
And Number make with Order ſo agree,
As both ſhould hold one vſefull ſympathy?
This Light and Law can do. The Law of Light,
And Light of Law, that giues to all things Right,
Can Number, Order, and Vnite in One,
With *Fiat Lux*: for ſo the Law begunne.

Let

Or, Law brought to Light.

Let there be *Light*! Heere is a word of Power,
Beyond all Powers: an inriching Dower,
Beyond all Riches: and they both together,
Are a Commandement, well I know not whether
Commanding, or forbidding. In the meane,
Wisedome took place, and being apt to gleane
Wealth from the One, and Power from another
Commanded this, and did forbid the tother.
So Light was cherisht, and dull darknesse chidden:
Truth brought to Light, & Error was forbidden.
In briefe this Law in Power being strong,
And rich in Loue, because it doth no wrong,
Grew vpright Wise: for Wisdome is the Light
To Power and Loue, and thereby makes all right.
So that a new-borne Issue from aboue
Descended out from Power, Wisedome, Loue:
And was no sooner borne, but by and by
Was entertain'd with gladsome melody.
And eu'ry one sung out this cheerefull *Salto*,
Iam noua Progenies Cœlo demittitur alto.
And this was Law: the Law that lighteth All
Into the Light, and Darknes doth inthrall
In chaines below the Deepe: strikes Error blind:
And the light way to Truth & Right doth finde.

Law Cõmanding and forbidding.

Law descended from Heau'n.

Virg. Eclog. 4.

The Law of Light inacted.

Nor onely so: for with the promulgation
Of this great Law, issued a Proclamation,
Commanding as it went to each degree,
This lowd proclaiming Summons, *Let there be!*
Let, is a word of *Power*: *There* shewes the place:
Be, is all *Being*, *Order*, and due *Grace*.
And altogether with one *Let there be!*
Giues vs faire Light, for euery one to see.
And with that Light, doth summon, & conuent,
In Heau'n, Aire, Earth, a Royall Parliament,
Of pow'rfull, wise, and gracefull Senators, (rors,
True Lamps of Light, and Christall-shining Mir-
Who with that Word of Power no sooner had
Their due creating summons, but all glad,
Of such a Birth-right, to that word of might,
Humbly did Eccho forth, *Let there be Light!*

Light threefold: Intellectuall, Celestiall, Elementall.

Light Intellectuall in th' Angellick Mansion:
Celestiall Light within the faire Expansion:
And in these Elementall Orbes downe lower,
A Light of Fire, to cherish, not deuoure.
And so as Light, by Light created was,
From those true Lights, an Act of Light did passe,
Approu'd in all three Courts, and by the King,
Establisht as an euerlasting thing.

Not

Not to be darkned: for this Light was ment vs,
To be a Law, to which *Le Roy assentus*:
And therefore is enacted vnto All,
Not to be broke, but held perpetuall.
Thus was there Light: which in the first Creation
Commanded was vvith Royall approbation.
Light had not onely Being, but Command
Was laid vpon that Light, that it should stand
Still in the wayes of Light. Light must be Light,
Not stooping downe to the Errors of the Night,
But hold dependance on the Word of Truth,
That made this Light, and still this Light renu'th.
This *Light* thus made, & this cõmandment giuen
Behold vpon the glorious Thrones of Heau'n,
Great *Elohim*, the Ancient of Dayes, *Dan.7.*
And Father of Lights, did himselfe vp-raise,
To sit and view the bright resplendent beauty
Of this first worke, and with what awfull dutie,
Each seu'rall Lampe shone in his proper Sphere,
About his Palace, either dimme, or cleere,
And what their Station was. Then *Elohim* saw *Gen.1.*
The Lights he made, and this commanding Law
Were good. And so from out the euening *Chaos*,
(That he no longer might in darknesse stay vs)

He brought the Spring-light of a cheereful morne,
And with that Spring-light, was the first day born.
With Light were Angels created. Then in the Vpper Houle incontinent,
Of this so great and Royall Parliament,
Assembled was before the dreadfull Throne
Of Heau'ns Maiestick State, a beautious Zone
Of many Lampes, round-shining in a Ring
Taking their Light from their creating King:
And shooting forth that Light in cheerfull beames,
To glad this lower world, like dewy streames,
That from the dropping clouds sweetly abound,
And fruitfull make the dry and barren ground.
Seraphim. There shone Seraphick Loue: and there againe,
Cherubim. Cherubick Wisedome: and that ne'r doth wayne,
Thrones. Stayd Iudgemēt sat on Thrones of heau'nly *Light*,
With Loue & Wisdome iudging what was *Right*.
And these in Number, numberlesse did shine,
In seu'rall Orders: but with such Diuine
And sacred Beauty farre aboue the rest,
As that in place, both highest, and the best,
These did before the sacred Trinitie,
Stand forth the prime-elected *Hierarchy*.
Dominations. Next in the middle Order, Rule, and Power,
Without all seruile Feare: and then the Flower

Of

Of all faire Vertues, euer preualent, *Vertues.*
Vndaunted Fortitude: with whom forth went *Poteſtates.*
True *Potent Magiſtracie*, ord'ring both,
That neither Tyran Cruelty nor Sloth
Had any place: this middle diſtribution,
Receiu'd all power, and gouern'd by infuſion.
The laſt and loweſt (if in Heau'n there be
Place, high and low, as there is of degree) *Principalities.*
Are three Diuine executory Graces *Archangels.*
Of warlike power in their ſeu'rall places, *Angels.*
Leading forth Armies, Legions, Regiments,
To guard faire Truth, and front all darke Euents.
Whereof ſome held prime Principalitie,
As Generall Leaders in Authoritie,
Some intermediat Officers aduiſing,
And through the royall campe Archangelizing,
By Order from aboue: Whilſt all the reſt
Of this ſo glorious Armie ſtand addreſt,
Ready to doe, and fairely execute
Great *Elohims* will, not making ſlowe diſpute.
Thus was Heau'ns Palace hung with ſhining Lamps:
And thus about great *Elohim* incampes
This Royall Hoaſt of Lights: whom could wee ſee,
And well diſtinguiſh each in their degree,

What glory were it? But what glory more
Were it to see the euerlasting dore
Of Heau'n set open, and behold within
Vpon his Thrones the mighty *Elohim*,
Shining in Maiestie, like a flame of Fire,
Brighter then is the Sunne? His whole attire
Collucent like himselfe? And from his voice
Issuing a floud of Fire? And then the choice
Of those Eternall Lights like beautyous Stones
Set in fine gold, shining about those Thrones?
The fiery *Carbuncle*, and *Topas* greene?
The *Diamond*, the *Berill*, and *Sardine*?
The many-colour'd *Iasper*? and the *Saphir*
That casteth forth a bright resplendent Azur?
And amongst others, not to ouerpasse
Smaragdus and the golden *Chrysopras*?
These to behold with an inabled sight,
And how each Lampe giues to another Light,
And all doe from that heauenly *Fiat* take,
That first did light them, and their beauties make,
Were glory beyond greatnesse. But to see,
The King of Lights sit in his Maiestie,
Commanding Light & Truth: and with what awe
Those Lights receiue that first cōmanding Law

Nine precious Stones, alluding to the nine orders of Angels. Ezech. 28.

Light set in Iudgement.

Of Light and Truth: and what melodious order,
In casting forth their beames, they keep to further
Each one anothers Light; as in a Quire (higher,
Of many Tones, some low, some meane, some
Each Voice doth grace another, and all sing
A rauishing Antheme to the heauenly King,
Of *Wisedome, Power, Loue, Iod, Iah, Iehoue,*
The Law of Light and Truth that raignes aboue.
This were a sweet melodious Rhapsodie,
T' inchant the Soule in Diuine Extasie.
But yet againe, what meanes yon rising Cloud, *The fall of Lucifer from Light.*
And smoakie Vapour? what's that noise so lowd?
As if some mayne Battallion were to ioyne,
And Souldiers striue to rapine and purloyne?
What horror doe I see? Is darknesse yet
Brought once againe out of the vasty Deepe,
And Light in mourning clad? Or topsey-Turuy
Is all reduc'd to the first Hurly-burly
Of *Chaos*, and Confusion? O my Muse!
Recline that soaring compasse thou didst vse,
And stoope thy flight! New stormes begin to rise
And humble wings best then do fit the wise.
O see *Ben-schachar* that Luciferous Beauty! (duty! *Esay* 14.
Sonne of the Morning! and bright Lampe of

No sooner plac'd in Glory, but anon,
Elated in himselfe, he stands vpon
His owne proud worth, and with indignitie
Shootes at the face of Heau'ns great Maiestie,
His swift-aspiring Beames: Nor onely so:
But straight he doth a daring Trumpet blowe
To all the Hoast of Heau'n, proclaiming Warres,
And that he meanes to mount aboue the Starres
Of mighty *Elohim*, and there alone
Exalt and raise himselfe vpon his Throne,
Vpon the holy Mount, and place his worth,
Within the skirts and confines of the North.
Nay more then so: he venters vp so nigh,
As he will rise eu'n vp to the most High,
And there be like to him. Then at the sound
There was a murmure heard, wch passed roūd, (ers,
Through thousand Legions of Light-bearing Pow-
Who should first ioyn with him so proudly towers.
And many of those *Lucifers* tooke part,
To leaue dependance, and to climbe by Art.
O how on earth can euer things be eu'n,
When there's so soone Rebellion raisd in Heau'n?
But that All-seeing Law-giuer that made him
So great a Light, found darknesse to inuade him,

And

And compaſſe in thoſe *Centaures* of the Night,
That were before the beautious dayes delight.
And he that would not ſtand within the wayes — *Iob* 24.
Of Light and Truth, nor ſpend eternall dayes, — *Ezech.* 28.
Amidſt thoſe precious ſhining Stones of Fire
That Gods delightfull *Eden* doth attire,
Like Lightning downe from his aſpiring fell, — *Reu.* 12.
And with his Angels was ſhut vp in Hell:
In Hell, that but till then was not created, — *Hell created in Darkneſſe.*
But was a place of Darkneſſe ſituated,
Farre off from Light: in which a Mooriſh water
Like ſlimy Pitch, & a blacke ſulph'rous matter
Left in the *Chaos* (when Heau'ns *Spagiriſt*
Extracted Light, and form'd it as him liſt)
Were moulded vp together. And till then
Was nothing elſe within that darkſome Fen.
But then, eu'n with the fall of daring pride,
The breath of Maieſtie did ſwiftly glide
Into the Deepe, and in his anger kindle
Combuſtious matter, which himſelfe did mingle,
Of purpoſe to bring forth eternall Fire,
To puniſh ſinne that proudly durſt aſpire
To breake the Law of Light. Then ſmoky fume
Choakt vp Snuf-lights, becauſe they durſt preſume,

 With

With a few flaſhes and vnſauoury vapors
To take the place of euer-ſhining Tapers.
Law executed. Pride that would mount, and had not to aſpire,
Was tumbled down, and puniſht in this Fire.
So he that was *Ben-ſchachar*, ſonne of Light,
Was now *Ben-ſchechor*, ſonne of eternall Night.
Thus was Sinne puniſht: and ſinnes great accuſer
Eſay 36. Did *Tophet* then prepare for the Seducer,
Smoking with *Ætna* breath. Law kept his power,
And ſtrooke him downe that ment aloft to tower,
And chain'd him in (for falling from the Light)
In chaines of darkneſſe, deepely out of ſight.
An alluſion. So haue we ſeene Ambition in great Peeres,
Corruption in falſe Scribes, and Chantecleers,
That ſing before the Daylight ſongs of peace,
Not for the Truthes ſake, but for rich increaſe,
Haue often climb'd to high and great eſtate,
And in a twinkling been precipitate.
They left the wayes of Light not being wiſe,
And tooke their pathes vpon the ſlippery Ice:
So let them fall. For 'tis not mine intent
To ſummon any to the Parliament:
Starre-Chamber. Nor to diſcouer in the great Starre-Chamber
What are Eclipſes, and what ſignes of danger:

The

The dogged humour of dull *Saturnes* motion,
Ioues banquetting, and feminine Deuotion:
The ſwearing Art of Warre, nor *Venus* luſt,
Mercurian fraud, that findes but little truſt:
Nor Moone-ſhine Flattery neuer cõſtant prouing,
But as the wind and weathercock ſtill moving:
'Gainſt none of theſe will I preferre a Bill,
Leſt they demurre vpon't, for want of skill,
In drawing vp the Booke, and ſo get coſt,
With an Attachment, for my labour loſt.
But thou great Prince of Stars, the faire delight! *The King is the Life of the Law.*
Of Heau'n and Earth, in whom the Lord of might
Hath plac'd his Tent, & built his Tabernacle,
That Euiternally ſhall ſtand a miracle,
To all the gazers eyes, and glad the eares
Of Muſicall inquirie! front my feares (bold,
With thy moſt cheerefull Beames, and make me
With Eaglet eyes thy beauty to behold!
In thee the Fountaine is of worth and Power,
To giue true beauty both to high and lower:
Of Wiſedome for to guide in all thy Station
Th' aſpects of Starres in eu'ry Conſtellation:
And of true Loue and Goodnes (Muſicks Lore)
Wherewith thou doſt great *Elohim* adore,

And

And cherish others. Strike the golden wire
Of thy most sweet, and learned-sounding Lire,
Iob 38. And all the Morning Starres shall daunce and sing,
At their vprising vnto thee their King.
Magistrates. *Saturne* shall cast his melancholly off,
And daunce iudiciall Reuels. *Ioue* shall doff
His proud attire, and leaue light heel'd *Lauoltos*,
To cloath himselfe in bounty, and tread *Saltos*
Worthy his Noble worth. *Mars* shall no more
Weakenesse depopulate, nor oppresse the poore:
But hand in hand shall willingly aduance
The Fatherlesse and Widdow in this daunce.
Venus shall change her Lust for fruitfull Loue,
And tread a constant measure: *Mercury* proue
No serpentine Deceiuer, but abound
In wise and witty footings at this Round.
Trencher Flies. As for *Lunarian Changelings* that depend
Onely vpon the Light thy Lampe doth lend,
And wax and waine, as to and fro thy Light,
Doth come or goe, not shining but by Night,
In darknesse for their owne aduantage sake,
And not in publike: what else can we make
Of them but Antikes, or strange Mimick Apes,
That in our daunce can put on any shapes,

And yet be nothing? Theſe I feare me much
Will take, but what is giuen to others, grutch:
And neuer ſhall the Muſicke of thy Harpe
Make them keepe Scene, but they'll or beg or carp.
Beware of theſe! For were theſe ſet in tune,
The Flowers of May, each one might crop in *Iune*,
And eu'ry one haue ſome. When one hath all,
How can our daunce in perfect meaſure fall?
The Country Swaine leaues gleanings on his land,
To helpe the needy. And with foote and hand
It is a daunce worth looking on to ſee,
How buſily each one doth keepe degree
To gather what is left. Heere one doth borrow
A little from the Sheafe: this in the furrow
Takes what is ſcatter'd: that the Cart attends:
Another binds vp at the headlands ends:
And all at Night goe cheerefully away,
And daunce together a Harueſt Roundelay.
Truſt not diſſembling Fire-drakes that caper,
As if they knew to daunce, yet are but vapor,
Seeming of fiery temper, but are cold,
And a poore Nut-ſhell will their ſubſtance hold.
Play not to them! *Pans* Muſicke is moſt fit,
When *Midas* hath more auarice then wit.

These doe liue, by Giue giue,

A Country content.

Some things ſeem and are not.

The Sunne of Maiestie in his Starre-Chamber.

But leaue we these! And from the Suns diurnall,
That wheeles a foure & twenty houres iournall,
Let vs obserue how on th' Eclipticke Line,
He progresse makes, along from Signe to Signe,
Casting his Beames of Maiestie so farre
As from the lowest to the highest Starre,
Guiding their wandring *Eccentricities*,
And crowning them with faire felicities
He is the Monarch there. His Law is Light:
And where he goes, he banisheth the Night.
Darknesse must not controll stelliferous Powers,
Nor come within the high celestiall Bowers,
To All he giues himselfe. Light is his name,
And through his Court faire Light hee doth pro-
The only Law that neuer breedeth warres (claime;
Twixt Peeres & People, wandring & fix'd Starres:
But all is Loue & Peace. Where darknesse dwels
Is Feare begot, then Hate, then nothing else
But blacke Eclipses wrastling to preuaile,
And darken Light within the Dragons tayle.
And whē we hide the Light, keep truth vnknown,
And tread the pathes of Error of our owne:
What hope is there of Peace? Light is the Law,
Keepes the cheekes bashfull, & the Heart in awe.

Des-

Deſcend we now the high Star-Chamber Court,
And let vs to the lower Hall reſort; (preſſe,
Where throngs of Creatures, like to clyents
With ſhouldring forwardneſſe to ſeeke redreſſe
Of ſome darke errours that eclipſe their Light,
And cloud the Truth to take away their Right.
Earth, is the Common-place, in which are fixt *The Court of Common Pleas.*
All Actions, Reall, Perſonall, and Mixt.
As where things made are of a Simple Nature
Such as the Elements; there the Creature
Claimes Reall Intereſt, and enters Plea *Reall actions.*
To hold his Birthright, by the rule and ſway
Of the Predominant. And where we finde, *Perſonall actions.*
Thoſe Elements are altred in their kinde,
And for our vſe with Powers ſo innated,
As th' Elements become Elementated,
Each in his proper place: if any faction (action.
Doe riſe amongſt them, there lyes a perſonall
But of all bodies decompoſited, *Mixt actions.*
Out of thoſe Elements, and by Nature bred;
What quarrels doe ariſe, receiue their Tryall,
By Action, part Perſonall, part Reall,
As mixt of both. And thus is euery Caſe
Begunne and ended in the Common-Place.

The

The Court of Kings Bench.

The *Kings* high *Bench* is the transparent *Aire*,
Where Light inthroned in a golden Chaire,
Shoots forth his Eye-beames brighter thē our fire,
And yet vnseene makes all the World admire.
This strikes the Centre with his piercing power,
Cheareth vp queachy coldnesse, giues a Dower
To Natures Treasurie, is the Life of things,
And vertue addes to Plants, and Christall Springs.
In briefe, this is chiefe Iustice of the Court,
Vnder the Prince of Lights, who sendeth forth,
And giues him his Commission, to sit downe,

Pleas of the Crowne.

And try before him matters of the Crowne:
Such as Eclipse the Maiestie of Light,
And vaile faire Truth with Vapours of the Night.

Worthlesse aspirers.

So in the Aire, we see oft-times ascend
Darke foggy mists, which mounting in the end
Neare to the Seate of Iustice, angry breath
Flyes from the Iudge, and strikes them to the earth.

Politick aspirers.

Sometimes againe, a farre more subtle Vapor,
Proudly aspiring to be made a Taper,
At the celestiall Altar: by and by,
Is fir'd, and shot, like Lightning from the Sky.

Traitrous aspirers

Another, but of some more viscous matter,
Raising himselfe, from Fens, and Mooriſh water;

Is

Is hang'd vp in the ayre, and ſet on fire,
A wonderment for all men to admire.
Thus is their Treaſon iudg'd, and puniſht right,
That ſtriue againſt the Maieſtie of Light.
But ſee, the *Halcyon* ſmoothneſſe of the Sea, *The Court of Chancery.*
Smiling vpon me, whilſt the Sunne doth play,
And caſt a cheerefull blandiſh on the waues,
To welcome All, that of their bounty craues, *Equity.*
And ſtand in need. The barren thirſty ground *Goodneſſe.*
Doth with their Spring-tides fruitfully abound,
And brings forth large increaſe. The lympid ayre
Is vapourized with a moiſture rare,
And ſubtle in the riſing, to refreſh
The breathing noſtrils of all liuing fleſh.
This Court (in briefe) is milde, and bountifull,
To ſupply wants: though ſometimes Ships do Hull *Contempts, puniſhable.*
At randome on her waues, for want of skill,
Or for defection in the Stearemans will,
Not knowing when it is for ſafety good,
To beare vp Sayle, or Anchor in the Floud.
If this doe happen, then contemptuous Windes
Make the Court angry, and the Clyent findes
But little fauour. This Ship at a ſtay,
Sticks in the Sands. That making ſwifter way,

For common Law-rights, is attached backe,
And Fleetes the Surges to his vtter wracke.
Another Sailes, with full gale on the Tide,
Yet in the Deepe, his last decree doth hide.
More I might say! Some Ships at Anchor lye
Doing iust nothing: and then by and by
The Court commands the *Halser* to be cut,
And to the Land they are dismist, and put,
To seeke their Fortunes to their grieuous cost,
Since idly they their Anchor-hold had lost.
Some others neere the Shore doe lye at Roade
Waiting the Winde: and spend in that aboade,
More then an *Indian* Voyage, All they haue;
And then *In forma pauperis* doe craue,
To passe the Port, and cannot be admitted,
To Launch the Deepe, being so Shallow-witted:
The Chancellour. Till at the last, great *Neptune*, *Chancellour*
Of these extreames, begins to shew his power,
With a *Quos Ego*, brandishing his Mace,
Wherewith he calmes the Courts tempestuous face.
And so when stormes had well-nigh ouer-duckt vs,
Thus made he silence: *Praestat componere fluctus?*
And all was husht, Then rounded in a Ring,
The peacefull waues did daunce, and sweetly sing

About this earthly Stage, the Centre-Court
Whereto all Sub-celeſtiall formes reſort (graue,
For common Law-rights, which are ſtrict and
But temper'd, and made milde, with eu'ry waue,
That daunceth on the ſhore, The gentle Springs,
And chryſtall Riuolets; all freely brings,
From the great Ocean, fruitfulneſſe, and Plenty,
To eu'ry Creature. Want doth ne'r goe empty,
Without a ſweet, and ſoueraigne ſupply
Of that great Ocean-Court of Chancerie.
But whither am I led? O tell me whither?
(Great *Archy-Muſe*, and pow'rfull Law-giuer,
In all theſe Courts) vnto what ſettled Port
Shall I now ſteere, and make my laſt reſort?
Shall I? O ſhall I ſteere into the Mayne?
And launch the Deepe of Law, that doth ordaine
In eu'ry Court a ſettled Rule and Order?
Shall I teach men what is the proper border
Circumferenceth eu'ry Court? and how
Obedience to Sou'raigntie doth bow?
This were a taske, fitting ſome youthfull Merit,
Whoſe vigour ſhewes a braue Mercurian Spirit.
Saturne in me is too predominant,
And retrograde withall. My bloud doth want

Equity tempers, but not controls the Law.

The Percloſe.

Castalian moisture, and *Phebean* fire,
To *Iuuenize* my Muse, that should aspire
So great a height. My breath goes thicke and short,
As weary of this iourney. Little Sport
Were it to climbe *Pernassus* in mine Age,
Or with the Muses daunce in equipage. (iolly:
The sonnes of Learning well might thinke mee
But sure they would deride my doting folly.
Therefore I now descend, and flagge my plumes
Low to the ground, whereon my Muse assumes
Her settled rest. Some other time perchance
Promethean fire may stirre me to aduance
A second, and a more aspiring flight
That shall descry the Maiestie of Light,
And Law of eu'ry Court. Till when I cease,
And with a tongue-tide silence hold my peace:
As one that longs to heare what he hath done,
In lighting vp this Candle in the Sunne.

FINIS.

R. T.

To

To the desire of my Youth, and hope of mine Age, my young *sonne* ROGER.

My Sonne;

I Commend the reading of this Poem vnto thee, that in it, thou mayst first see me what I am: and then learne what I wish thee to bee. Make not Poesie thy profession, but thy pleasure. Profit so gotten, is mercenary, and ends in basenesse. But if for thine own solace, thou sing to thy selfe the songs of the Muses, thou shalt find some *Philomels* will record to thy Dittie. In thy Verse bee not wanton, but warie. Loose Numbers, argue light affections: and discretion is the Badge of Wisedome. Doe not Critically abuse,

what thou canſt not amend : neither flatteringly ſublime, what thou ſeeſt to be vile. Be thy ſelfe : and bee conſtant in thy ſelfe : but take heede that thou be ſeldome leſſe, and neuer more then thy ſelfe. Humilitie is neither Baſe, nor Proud. Tis a Poeticall fault, to preſume, and compare. If at any time thou doe ſo, let it bee with thine Equals. For Superiours wil cruſh thee, and Inferiours diſgrace thee. Learne this, till I haue occaſion to teach thee more. And ſo I leaue thee to Gods bleſsing.

Thy louing Father,

R. T.